

JEAN GREY

MARVEL

FALL
OF
X

002

SIMONSON
CHANG
MAIOLO





Back when I was practically a child, I chose wisely...

...to forget our foray into the future, to return to the past and let my story play out in an unbroken line.

Until this. Another pivotal moment of decision.

We new X-Men-- in a space shuttle, returning to Earth-- faced an approaching solar flare that would kill anyone unprotected.

Professor Xavier had been psychically incapacitated, but we weren't worried. The shuttle had a shielded containment room, and we felt safe inside...

...until shrapnel damaged the shuttle's autopilot.

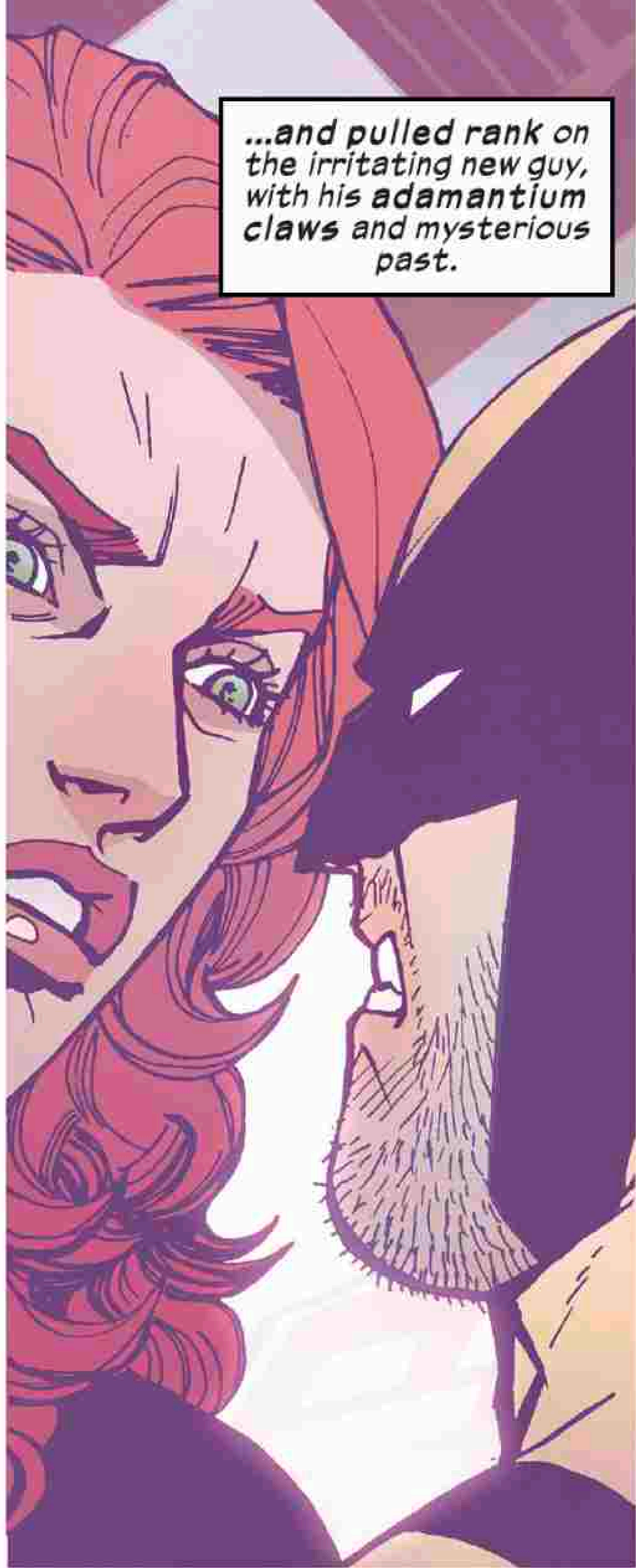
If the rest of us were to survive, one of us would have to face certain death to manually pilot the shuttle into Earth's protective atmosphere.

DEAD RECKONING

A close-up of Jean Grey and Scott Summers. Jean, with her red hair, is shouting and gesturing with her hands. Scott, wearing his visor, looks back at her with a determined expression.

An argument
ensued. Of
course it did.

Certain the
sacrifice must be
mine, I attacked
Scott with a
psychic blast...

A close-up of Jean Grey and Scott Summers. Jean is looking at Scott with a serious expression, her mouth slightly open as if speaking. Scott is looking back at her, his face partially obscured by his visor.

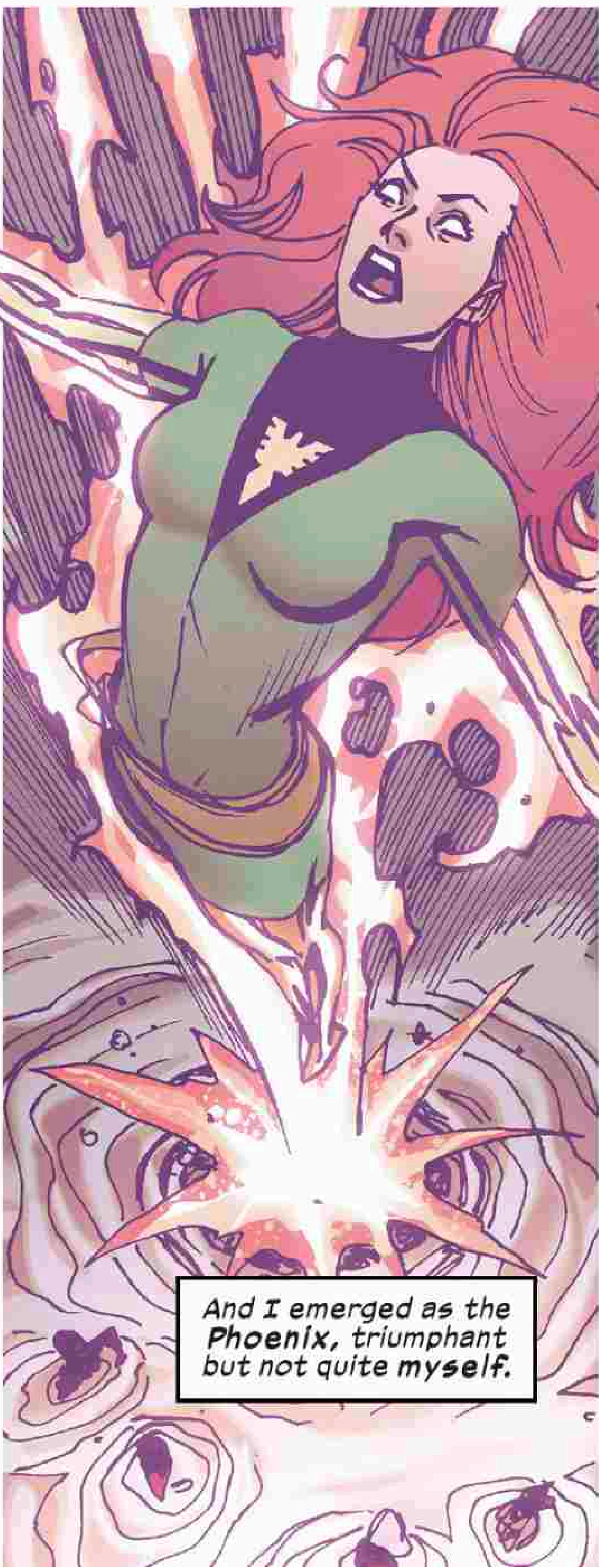
...and pulled rank on
the irritating new guy,
with his adamantium
claws and mysterious
past.

Jean Grey is shown in a state of intense distress, surrounded by flames and smoke. She is wearing a dark, patterned garment and has a pained expression on her face.

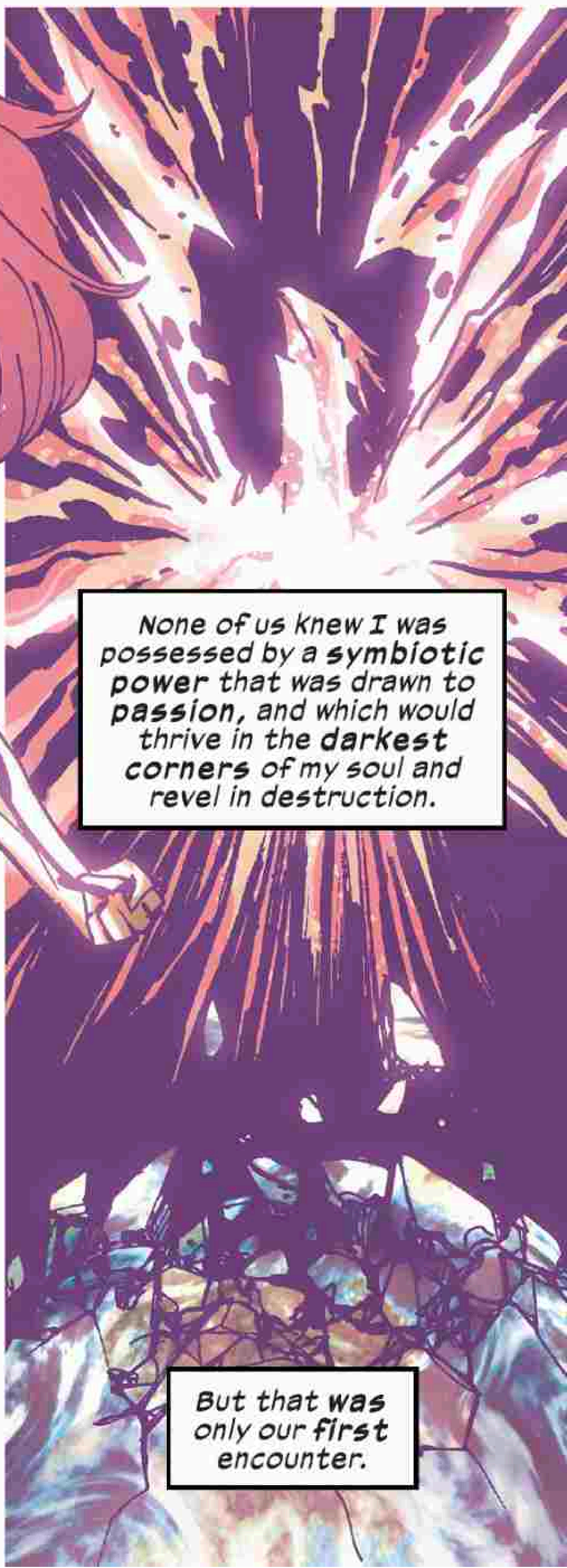
I got us nearly back
to Earth until, unable to
withstand the radiation,
with my last breath,
I cried out for help.

A wide shot of a shuttle crashing into the water, creating a large splash. Several people are floating in the water, looking up at the crash.

The shuttle
crashed into the
bay, but everyone
survived.

Jean Grey is shown emerging from the water, her body glowing with a bright, fiery light. She is wearing a green and black costume and has a determined expression on her face.

And I emerged as the
Phoenix, triumphant
but not quite myself.

Jean Grey is shown in a state of intense distress, surrounded by flames and smoke. She is wearing a dark, patterned garment and has a pained expression on her face.

None of us knew I was
possessed by a symbiotic
power that was drawn to
passion, and which would
thrive in the darkest
corners of my soul and
revel in destruction.

But that was
only our first
encounter.

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FALL OF JEAN GREY

[fall_of]
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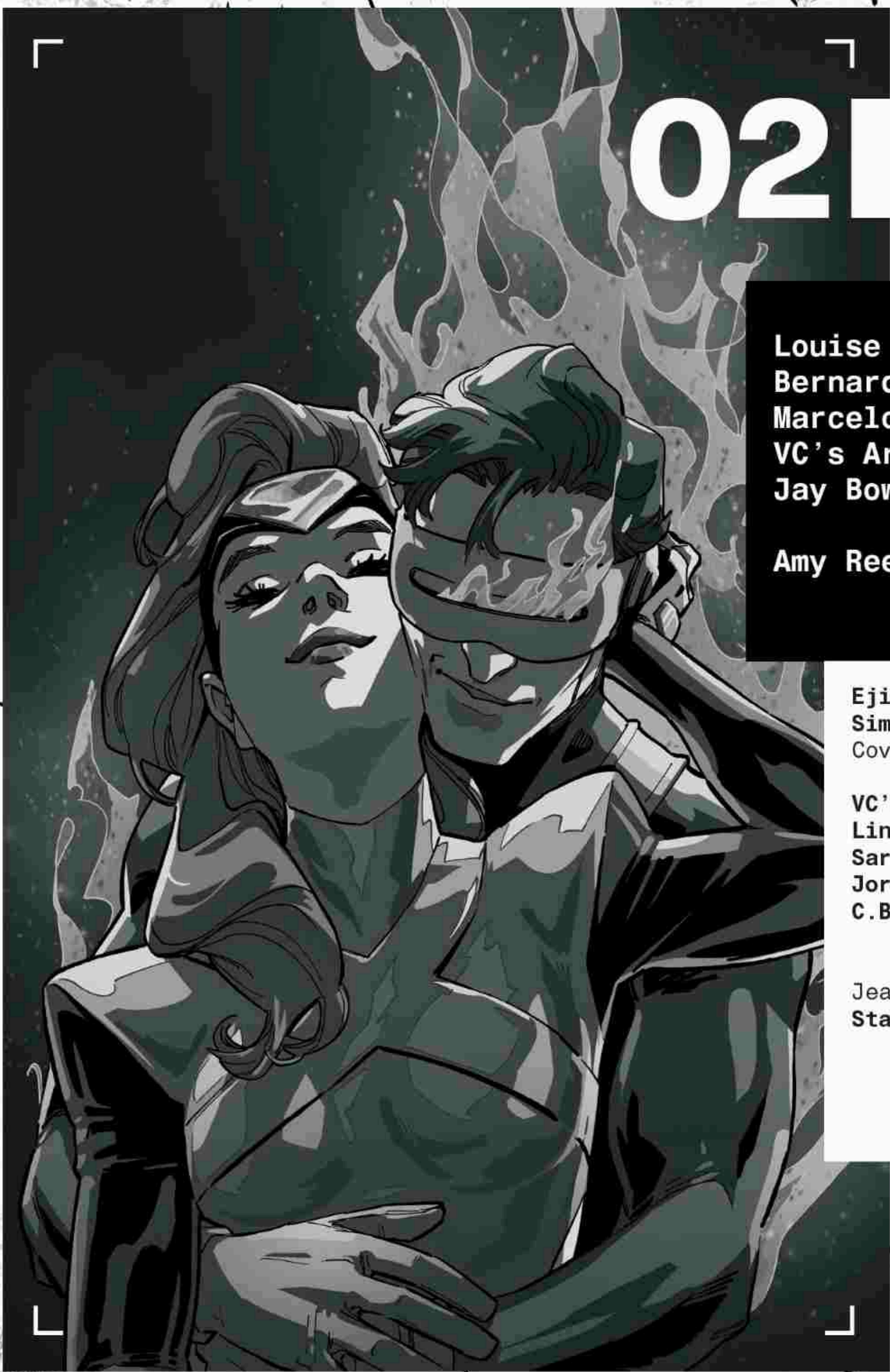
Flames of Fear

Jean Grey is an Omega-level mutant, a telepath, and a founding member of the X-Men. As **Marvel Girl**, she fought alongside her fellow mutants to protect humanity and mutants alike. Then, as the host for the dangerous cosmic entity known as the **Phoenix Force**, she embarked down a road of destruction and sorrow. Returning from that dark path, she regained her place among the X-Men. Most recently, she was a member of the **Quiet Council** of the mutant nation of **Krakoa**, where mutantkind had finally found peace and safety.

Or so they thought. Then the anti-mutant organization **Orchis** attacked the Hellfire Gala. Jean was killed in the attack, along with scores of other mutants. Orchis threatened to annihilate increasing numbers of humans for every mutant found on the planet, forcing **Charles Xavier** to psychically banish the remaining mutants from Earth; only a handful with training were able to resist his telepathic command.

This isn't Jean Grey's first dance with death. Her body might be gone, but her powerful mind remains--wandering through her past, exploring what was and what could have been...

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JEAN GREY

02 “DEAD RECKONING”

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[grey_02]
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[jean_02]
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Why had it been so
so hard to admit
I didn't have all
the answers?

You buckin'
for martyr o'
the year or
somethin'?

Yeah.
I pilot the shuttle.
I have a *healin'* factor
so I'm likeliest to
survive.

You know the
drill an' can direct
me *telepathically*
from the shielded
cabin.

What if I trusted the
others and, instead
of grabbing control,
chose to listen...?

You have
a *better*
idea?

You don't have to
be a *jerk* about it,
but... Okay. Yeah.
Good idea.

Wolverine takes the cockpit,
while the rest of us settle down
in the shielded compartment
and wait.

And he opens his mind to
me. I see through his eyes--
the dials, the controls,
the approaching Earth.

Then the flare hits,
full force, and we
realize our shields
might not be enough.

I love
you, Jean. I
need to *say*
it before--

It isn't like
Scott to reveal his
feelings openly,
before everyone.



He really thinks we're going to die.

Scott, I--

Hate to interrupt your *moment*, Jean, but the numbers are *fallin'*. We're *losin'* oxygen...

I jerk away, and Scott fades into the background. My focus is entirely on Wolverine. On keeping him, keeping us all, alive.



Ease back on the throttle, Wolverine. Try to keep it level...

Shuttle's startin' to break up.



I'll try to hold it together telekinetically.

Everyone, hang on. Flight's about to get rough.



As our rapport deepens, I learn more about Wolverine--about Logan. He calls himself Logan.

His life flashes before our eyes as the radiation intensifies and his healing factor struggles to repair its ravages.

Nearin'... atmosphere. Be there... soon...

Emergence of powers. We all have those memories, of who we were before... and who we became.

Scott, with uncontrollable optic blasts. I, with psi-powers. Logan... with claws.

Of bone. Not adamantium. Then how--?

One image rapidly replaces another. Military service-- in World War I and II! How old is he?

Then...nothing. A blank...a walled-off hard stop in his memories.



The radiation is more than his healing factor can handle. I'm losing him, and I can't... I won't let that happen.

I grab hold of his mind and push, hard, adding my will, my strength, to his...

...and the block in his mind shatters...

...revealing terrible trauma, buried, hidden even from him.

A secret research facility in Canada. A clandestine military operation called Weapon X.

And Logan their prisoner.

Scientists-- mad scientists.

Torturers as they bond adamantium to his bones and strive to eradicate his humanity.

Then **escape**. Such anger. Such destruction. Such...**courage**.

He came to us looking for a **haven**, though he didn't know he needed one.

He doesn't **trust** us yet. After what he's been through, how **could** he?

But, by a kind of **miracle**, he trusted **me** enough to let me into his mind.

He's willing to **die**. For **all** of us, but especially for **me**.

He's **done** so much, **sacrificed** so much.

If there's a god, **help** him...

Gott sei Dank!

Professor Xavier?

I have him, Colossus.

Jean---?!
Are you---?

Fine.
We *all* are fine, except--
where's...

...Wolverine?!





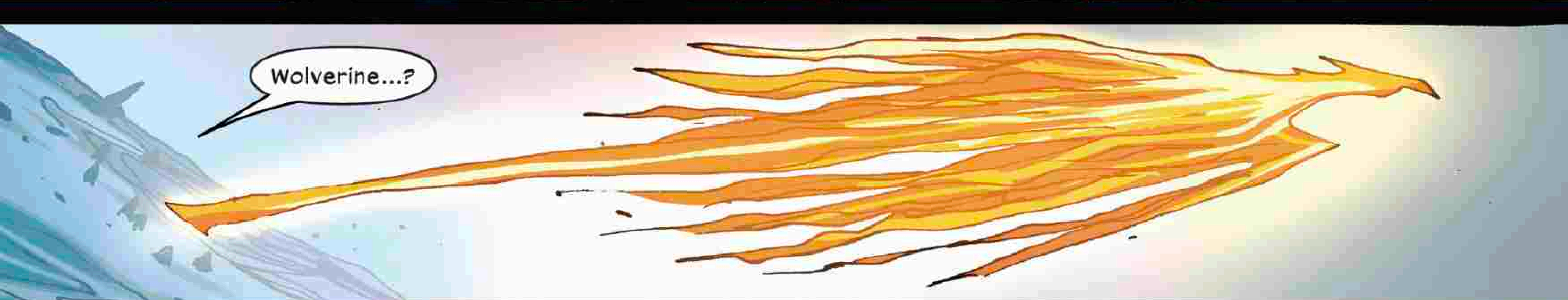
They thought I couldn't *hear* 'em, that I'd become just an *animal*...

...but I *understood*... every word.



I am *Phoenix*, risen from the ashes of my past...

...and I will make them pay!!!



Wolverine...?



What just happened?

I'm...not sure. I'm *locked out* of his mind now.

All I know is-- some *power* has healed him, *changed* him. And somehow, he's moved *beyond* himself.

He's going after the people who tried to turn him into a mindless *monster*. And he's going to *destroy* them.



We managed to *slip away* from the crash unnoticed. So far, our *involvement* in the incident isn't suspected.

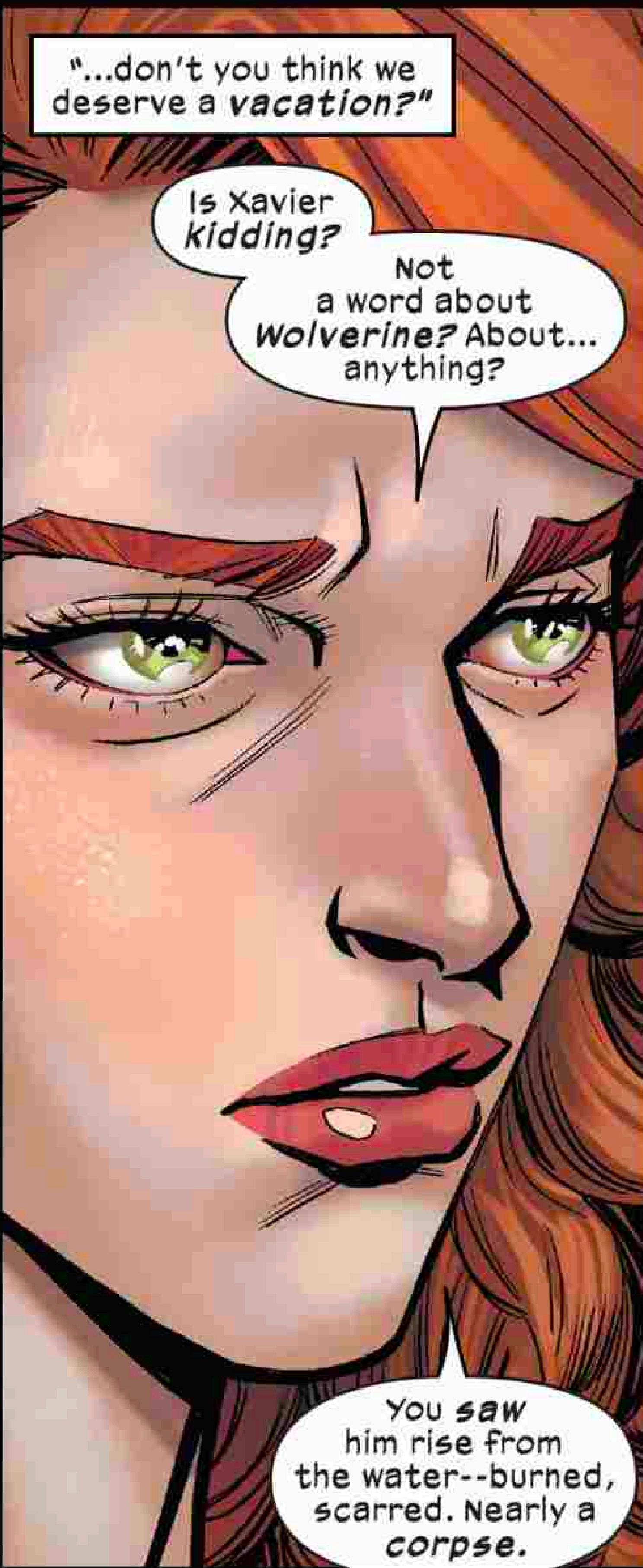
To preserve that illusion, we're going to *Ireland*, to Cassidy Keep, where Banshee grew up.

An' 'twill be my pleasure, sir, to *host* ye all there.

But--



After what we've all been through, Jean...



"...don't you think we deserve a *vacation*?"

Is Xavier kidding?

Not a word about *Wolverine*? About... anything?

You *saw* him rise from the water--burned, scarred. Nearly a *corpse*.

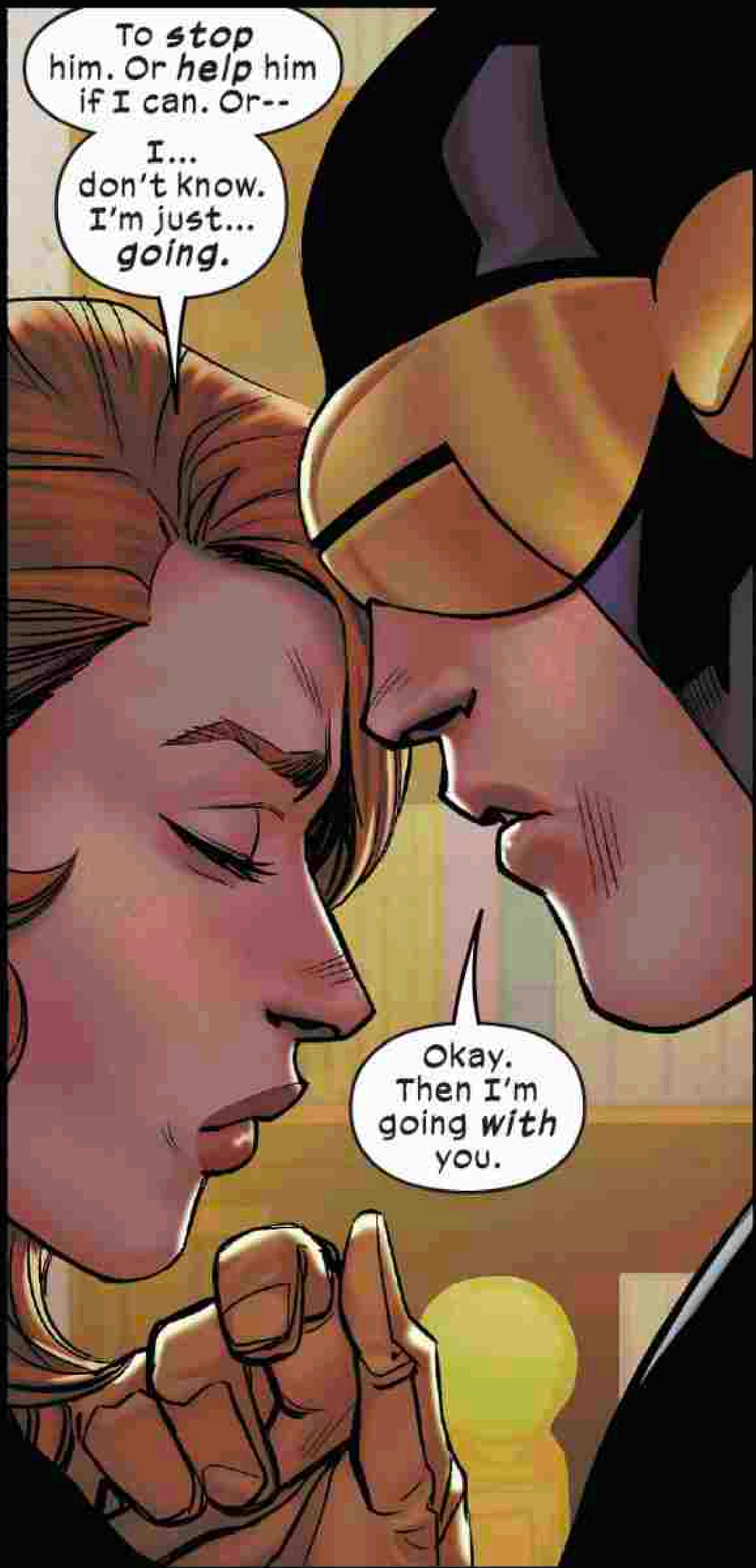


And then--he *got better*. And sprouted *spikes*! And *flew*! Since when can he *fly*?!

Professor X probably *knows* something we don't, Jeannie. He always has *reasons*...

Then he should *share* them. I'm not going to Ireland. I'm going to *Canada*. I'm going after *Logan*.

Why?



To *stop* him. Or *help* him if I can. Or--

I... don't know. I'm just... *going*.

Okay. Then I'm going *with* you.

I've loved Scott since we were kids, wondered at the fire I sensed behind his rigorous self-control.

It took all my own restraint not to look into his mind, to reach out and touch the flames.

We slipped away from the rest before they noticed we were gone.

This is nuts, Jean. A wild-goose chase.

No. Logan's here, somewhere below. I can feel him, like a hum, a vibration in my consciousness.

You didn't have to come with me. Why did you?

Now he's bared his soul to me, and I've hardly given it a second's thought. I'm snappish. Irritable. What's wrong with me?

He's gone mad, Jean. No way I'd let you follow him alone.

It's odd. I never wondered what was behind Wolverine's insufferable attitude. I didn't like him enough to care. I figured, let Xavier deal with him.

But I was in his mind, Scott. I saw it all. I felt... everything. I've seen the genuine horror of his past.

I know how he feels about...a lot of things.

When I close my eyes, it's Logan's face I see. It's his voice I hear.

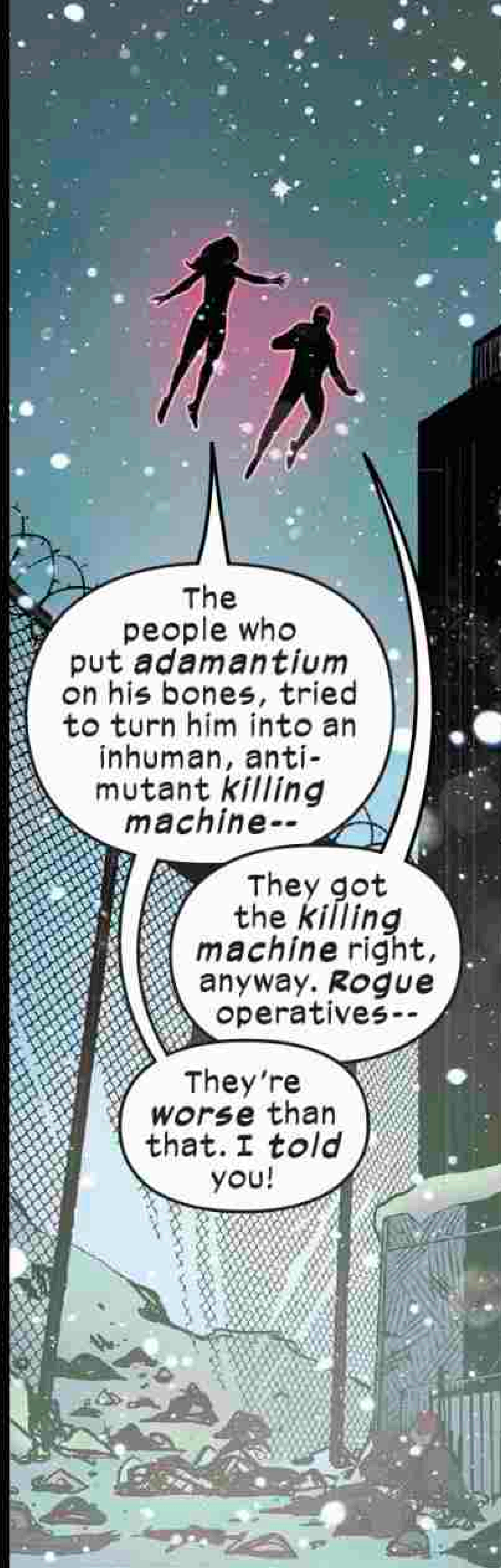
KEEP OUT





Even seeing this *carnage*, you *love* him. I don't stand a *chance*.

I...*don't*. Not exactly. Not the way you *mean*. But I do know *him*. And I know *why*.



The people who put *adamantium* on his bones, tried to turn him into an inhuman, anti-mutant *killing machine*--

They got the *killing machine* right, anyway. *Rogue* operatives--

They're *worse* than that. I *told* you!



They're tied to American *dark ops*--to *Trask* with his Sentinels, to other anti-mutant *fascists*, to *hate groups* around the world.



When Logan escaped, he killed the *leaders*, but that didn't *stop* them.

I think you were *right*. Professor X *knew* about this. Maybe it's why he *recruited* Logan. Maybe he had a *plan*...

...but it all went sideways when Logan...*transformed*. Xavier must have *guessed* what we meant to--



Oh *God*!

Logan was *tortured* in vats like those...and there are *people* in them now. Logan was just the *first*.

These madmen are creating an *anti-mutant army*.

Scott!
Get us
inside!

BRADDA
BRATTA
BANG!

SHARAKKT
GXKASH

I'd say
we've found
him. What
now?

Dozens
of attackers!
He should be pulp!
His healing factor
could never have
withstood that
assault...

BRADDA
BRATTA
BANG!

"...not
before--"

SNIKT
SNIKT
SNIKT

SNIKT
SNIKT

SNIKT

SNIKT

SNIKT

SNIKT

SNIKT

SNIKT

SNIKT



Where the bullets hit, there's flame!

BRADDA-BRAITA-BANG



It's like he's made of hellfire!

Wh-what are you?



Retribution!



Destruction!

And death!



Those spikes--they launch like spears. A barrage--one after another. How is he doing it?

I...don't know.

But he fought his way in here for a reason. We have to help him!



Jean, it's too much. This slaughter--it has to stop.

Tell *them* that!

Can't you *reach* him? If we can get him *out* of here--

He's in some kind of berserker rage, Scott.

And his mind's *shielded* from me. I can't get *through*. And I can't telekinetically *move* him.

He doesn't even know we're *here*.

Keep *trying*! Talk to him!



We're
monsters.



All of us--
the made and
the makers.



We
all must
die.



Wolverine!
Logan! Listen to
me! You're not alone!
We're here! We'll
help, but this has
to end--



This
will end when
all of us are
dead!

Fiery spikes launch like
rockets from his body,
targeting combatants,
shattering the tubes
that house the growing
anti-mutant army.

Everybody
dies...



Stop!

...except
us.



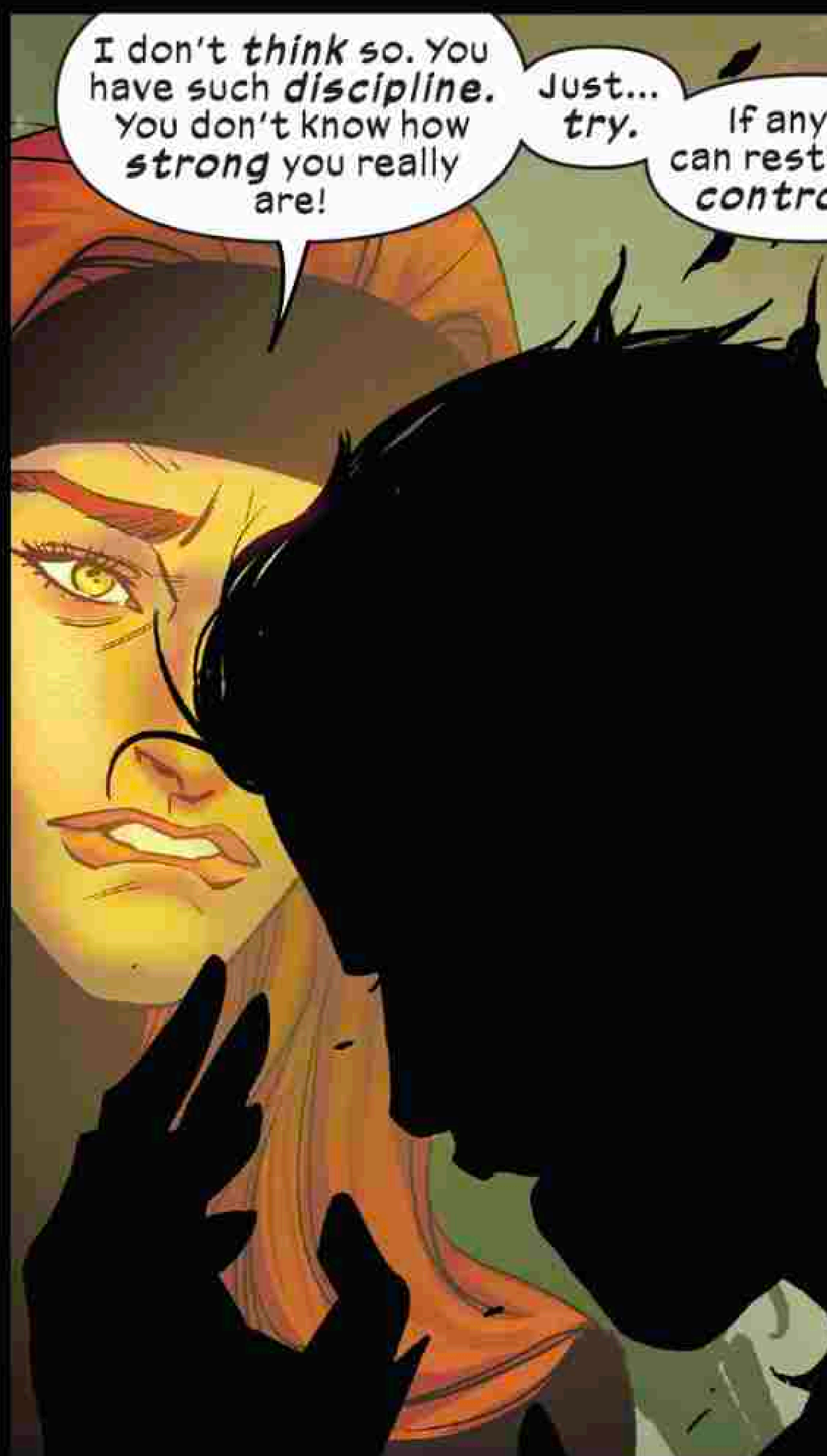
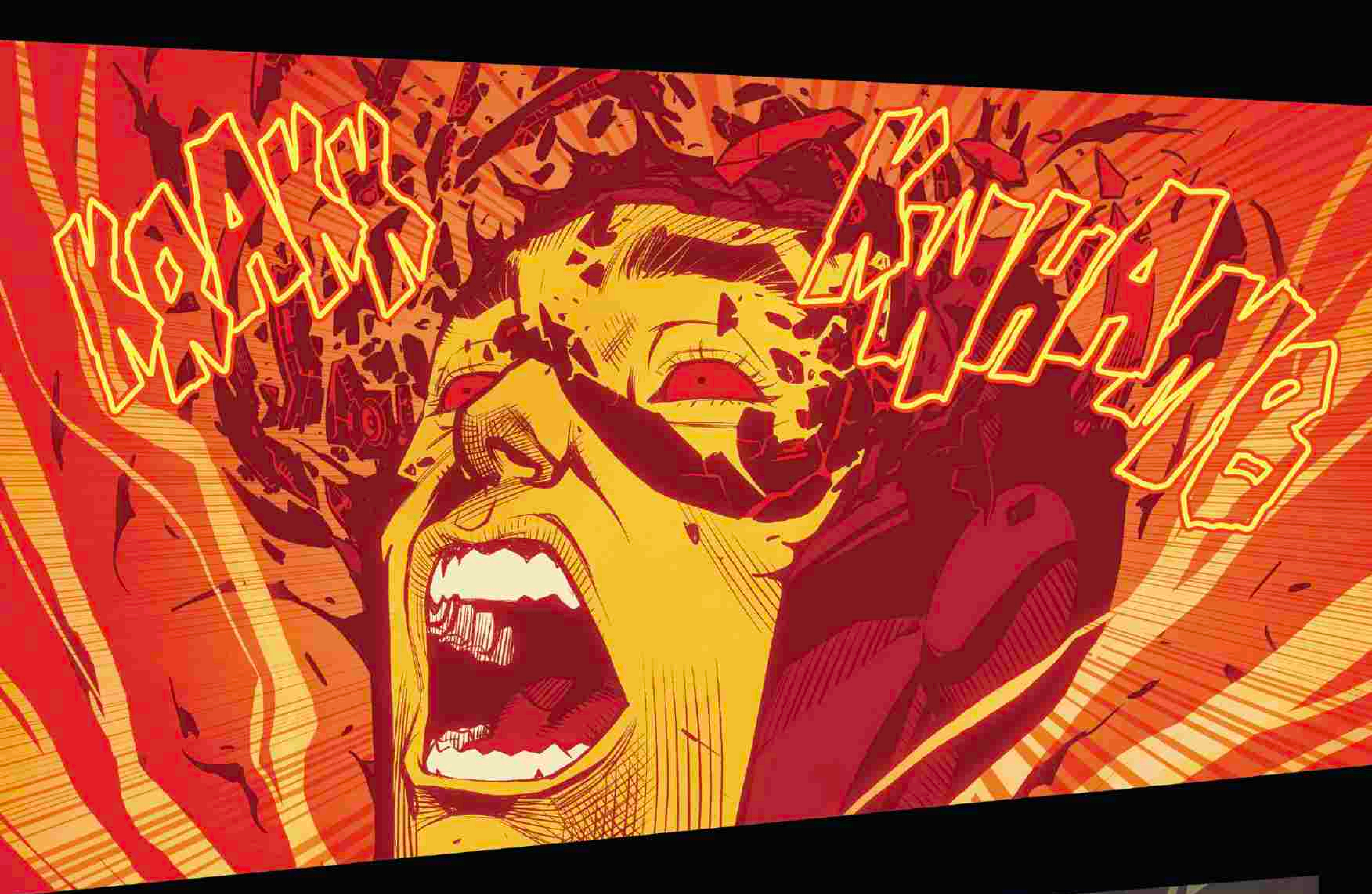


Its mission fulfilled, its fire rejected, the Phoenix leaves...

It's the only way!

...in search of a different host. Someone passionate. Hungry.

Desperate for what it offers.





I can't...
not for long. But
it's given me *this*,
to look at you
as you are.

But--

It's not
a being of *logic*,
Jean. It thrives on
feeling. On mine...
for you.

It
needs...

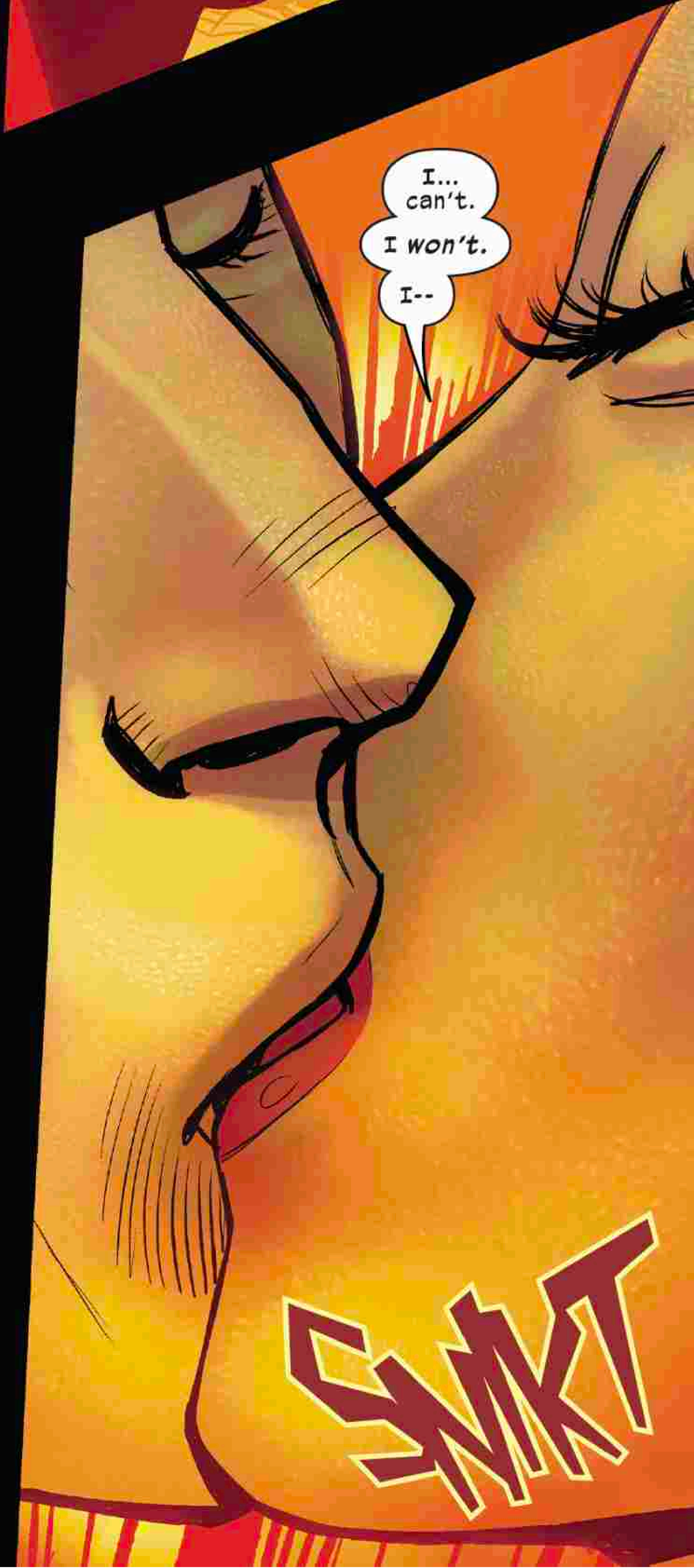
It
loves...

It
wants...



Scott!

Don't
let it *use*
me. *Kill* me.
Do it *now*!



I...
can't.
I won't.

I--

SMKT

I saw it. The fire, leaving Scott, flowing back to Logan, answering his need now, his will...

You can't fight it... only one way t' win.



My claws respond to my will. Like always.



An' I'm all claws now. Nothin' but sharp edges.

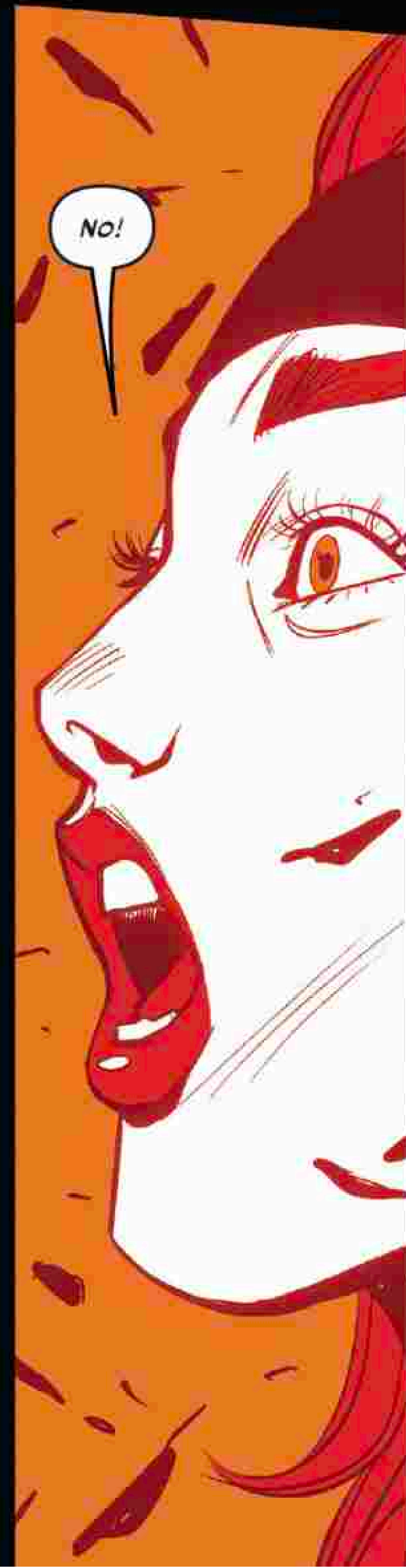
Sharp enough to rip myself apart.



Old guy like me...lots 'a baggage...never did stand a chance with you anyway.



No!





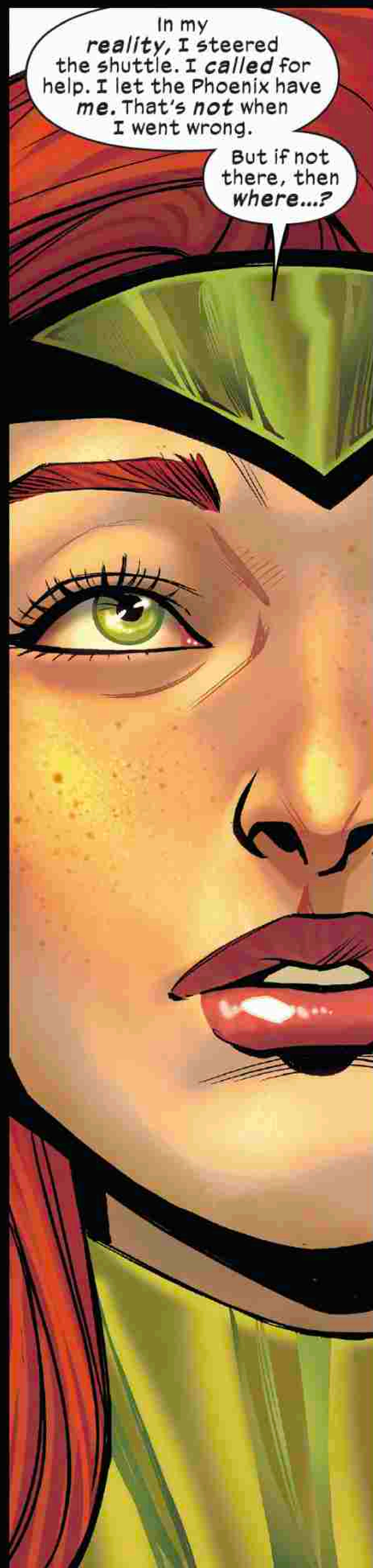
NO!
NO! NO! NO!
NO!

Enough!



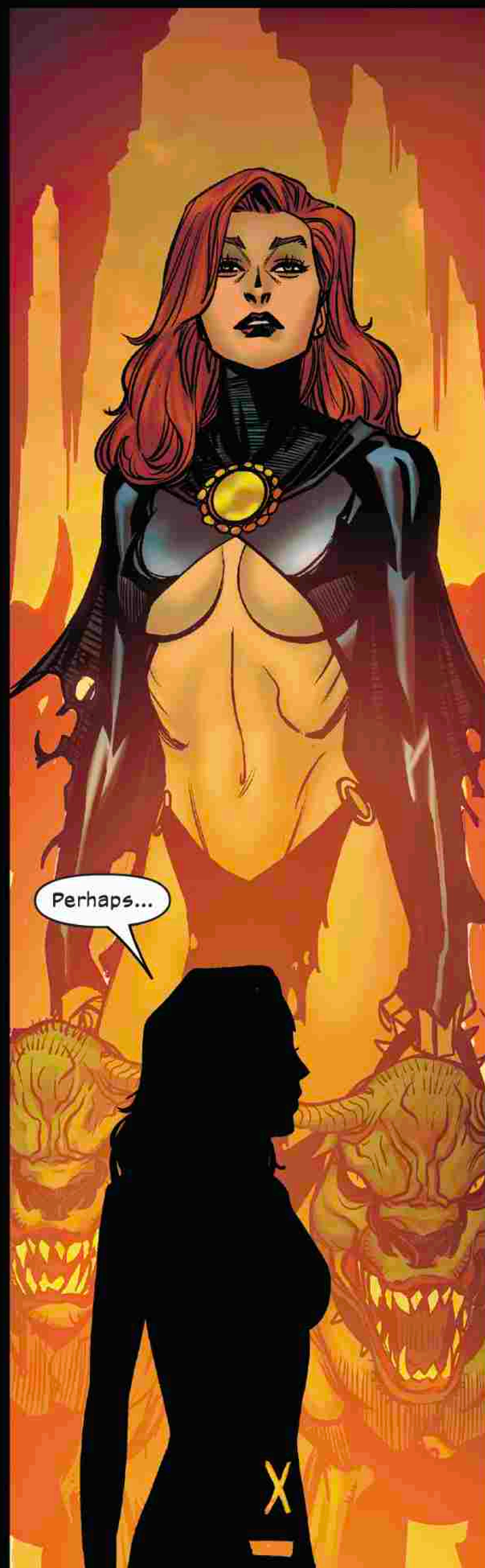
Wolverine *seemed* the logical choice. He could survive the *radiation*. Survive even the *impact*.

But he couldn't survive the *Phoenix*. Not him. Not even *Scott*...my distant, passionate Scott.



In my *reality*, I steered the shuttle. I *called* for help. I let the Phoenix have *me*. That's *not* when I went wrong.

But if not there, then *where*...?



Perhaps...

NEXT:
OBSESSION!

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[koa_[0.0]...]

[00__jean_] [grey__02]

[fall_of]
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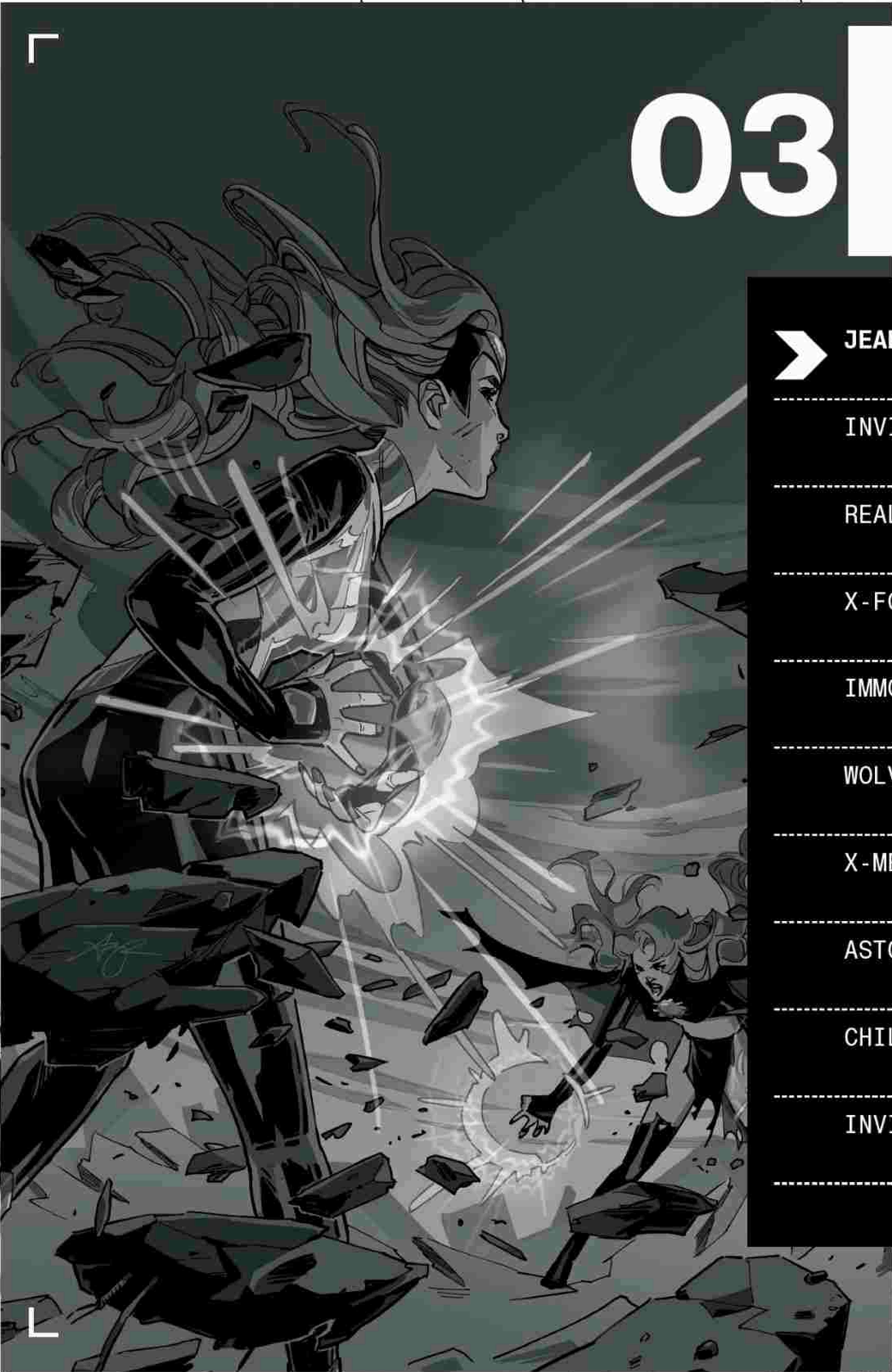
[00__jean_] [grey__02]

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[fall_of]
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03

☐≡?≡?
?☉☐?



JEAN GREY #2

INVINCIBLE IRON MAN #10

REALM OF X #2

X-FORCE #45

IMMORTAL X-MEN #16

WOLVERINE #38

X-MEN RED #16

ASTONISHING ICEMAN #3

CHILDREN OF THE VAULT #3

INVINCIBLE IRON MAN #11



KAMIC RIDER
MARIKA